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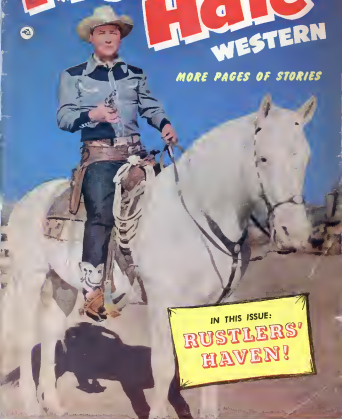
APR. NO. 81

10¢

Monte Hale

WESTERN

MORE PAGES OF STORIES



IN THIS ISSUE:

**RUSTLERS'
HAVEN!**



SPOOKY SHOTS

By Walter Farmer

A SHOT rang out, near enough so the boys in the bunkhouse at the Double J could hear it plainly.

"Hear that?" exclaimed Slim. "Do you reckon Deadly Diggs is messed up in another killing?"

"No, that wasn't Deadly Diggs' gun going off," asserted Red Top Ray. "That was our friend, Baldy, shooting a turkey buzzard, more'n likely."

"Pooh! You can't tell whose gun it was, just by hearing it. All Colt .45's sound the same!"

"If you think that, your ears need washing out, Slim! Looky! Here comes old Baldy with his turkey buzzard now!"

Baldy rode up and dismounted near the bunkhouse door. He wiped his perspiring forehead and said, "Boys, the spooks must be going to have a square dance tonight. I just came riding by the old Silver Dollar Hotel in Ghost Town—and I didn't ride too close by, you may be sure of that. Well sir, there was the moonfullest wailing coming out of that hotel. Sounded like a fiddle with acute appendicitis. And there was a queer blue light flickering in an upstairs window. I'm telling you, you couldn't pay me to go near that place after nightfall!"

"Humph, I thought you claimed to be a brave man," sneered Red Top Ray.

"I'm not afraid of man or beast and I can lick the hombre who says I am," growled Baldy. "But spooks, they're different. They ain't human!"

Red Top Ray scoffed. "There's no such thing as spooks."

"Is that so? Well I don't see you in such an all-fired tizzy to spend a night in Ghost Town."

"I've got better things to do, such as trying to track down Deadly Diggs and his gang be-

fore they do any more mischief!"

"Bah, that's a job for the sheriff," declared Baldy. "You're just trying to change the subject. You're as much scared to spend a night in Ghost Town as I am."

"I'm not scared of spooks."

"Well, I dare you to spend the night there!"

Red Top protested against what he called "such foolishness" but, led by Baldy, the other cowboys began to heckle him and taunt him. Finally, he agreed to the dare. He would spend the night alone in the old Silver Dollar Hotel in Ghost Town.

The old hotel really looked as if it might be haunted. Years ago it had been abandoned when the silver veins petered out and all the people who had once made up a rough, bustling community moved away. Now the building was rickety and paintless. Window panes were shattered, dust was thick on the creaky old floors and cobwebs hung festooned from the ceilings and the old chandeliers.

None of which bothered Red Top. He lit a candle and entered the old building, carrying his bedroll. From a distance, just at the edge of town, Baldy, Slim and the others watched.

"He's really got spunk!" Baldy admired grudgingly. "I wonder if he'll really stay in there all night."

Slim chuckled as he thought of something. "Let's play a joke on him, boys. When it gets a mile darker we can sneak up close to the hotel and pretend we see ghosts. We'll make spooky noises and all such and scare him out of there so fast he won't stop 'till he jumps across the Rio!"

Baldy was dubious about getting that close to the haunted hotel, but the other boys were all in favor of Slim's idea. Two of them took

(Continued on inside back cover)

APPROVED
READING

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words **A FAWCETT PUBLICATION**.

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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President

MONTE HALE

in COUNTERFEITER'S A HOLIDAY

IT'S MONTE HALE! HE CAME UP ON THE MILL WHEEL!

QUICK! I'LL BLIND HIM WITH THESE BILLS ---AND YOU! SHOOT HIM!

FLOOD OF LAWLESS CURRENCY DELUGED THE BRAVE STATES ---AND ALL BUSINESS CAME TO AN ABSEPT STANDSTILL! NO MAN DARED TO ACCEPT PRINTED MONEY IN PAYMENT, FOR FEAR IT MIGHT BE COUNTERFEIT! BANKS CLOSED THEIR DOORS; STORES BARRICADED THEIR WINDOWS; STAGGERCHASES AND TRADING CEASED RUNNING! INTO THIS PARALYZED REGION CAME MONTE HALE, DETERMINED TO SEEK OUT THE COUNTERFEITERS --- AND GIVE THEM A LONG VACATION FROM THEIR PRINTING LABORS---IN JAIL!

IN A WESTERN BANK---

ANOTHER COUNTERFEIT BILL! SORRY, JEFFERS. BUT YOU'VE BEEN STUNG AGAIN!

GOD DANG IT! I'M A-GOING TO QUIT SELLIN' MY PRODUCE 'UNTIL THEY PUT THOSE COUNTERFEITERS OUT OF BUSINESS!

AND IN A TRAIN DEPOT---

IT DOESN'T! WE'VE LOST SO MUCH MONEY, ACCEPTING COUNTERFEIT CURRENCY THAT WE'VE STOPPED ALL TRAINS 'UNTIL IT'S SAFE TO TAKE BILLS AGAIN!

WHEN DOES THE NEXT TRAIN LEAVE FOR MANBRICK CITY?

...EVERYWHERE, BUSINESS IS AT A STANDSTILL!

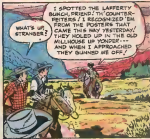
SENDS! WE'LL BE RUINED IF THEY DON'T CATCH THOSE COUNTERFEITERS, SOON!

CHECK! EVERY BUSINESS IN THESE STATES IS CLOSED AS TIGHT AS A DRUM!

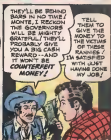
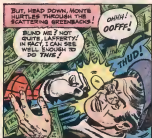














MONTE HALE

in *THE KINDEST MAN IN TOWN!*

MEANWHILE, IN TOWN...

OWAY, BOSS, I'VE GOT THE SAFE WIDE OPEN!

GOOD WORK, MITCHELL! NOW LET'S CURE IT OUT AND WANDER!



WOW, PATNER! THERE'S NO BUNK RIDING INTO A SWAMPY TOWN AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT! THIS LOOKS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO MAKE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT! WE MIGHT AS WELL GET SOME SLEUT-EYES AND RIDE IN IN THE MORNING LOOKING FORKID! THEN WE'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT FINDING A JOB AS WE'RE PITCHED OUT OF FUNDS!

AS LONG AS NO ONE SEES US LEAVING, THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT ME, ONE OF THE TOWN'S BIGGEST RANCHERS, OF HAVING ROBBERED THE BANK!

I'VE CRACKED MANY A SAFE, GILMORE, BUT I'VE GOT TO ADMIT THAT THIS IS THE OLDEST-TRICK HOLDUP I'VE SEEN IN! BUT ONE THE NAME A NOTE ON YOUR WHICH SO YOU RIDE THEM AND PAY THEM OFF WITH THEIR OWN MONEY... LEAVING A PROFIT, OF COURSE, FOR MY SHARE IN THE DEAL!



BUT AS THE TWO BANDITS START TO LEAVE THE BANK...

(GASP!) THE BANK GUARD RECOGNIZED ME! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

GILMORE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



THIS IS THE ONLY THING TO DO: WE'LL NEVER REPEAT WHAT WE SAW!

I WAS HOPING WE'D GET OUT OF THIS WITHOUT ANY FIREWORKS! NOW WE'VE REALLY GOT TO PICK UP SPEED! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE SOME CURIOUS WOMBER COMES ALONG TO INVESTIGATE THOSE SHOTS!



BUT BEFORE THEY RIDE ANY DISTANCE...

THOSE MUST BE THE HILLS RIGHT UP THERE AHEAD! COME ON, MEN, LET'S GET THEM!

THEY FORMED A POSSE ALREADY? WE BETTER HEAD FOR THE HILLS! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE TO LOSE THEM!

SHORTLY AFTER...

THE ONLY BREAK WE'VE HAD SO FAR IS THAT IT'S SO DARK THEY COULDN'T RECOGNIZE US!

WHAT GOOD IS THAT GOING TO DO IF THEY'RE STILL ON OUR TAIL? AND IF THEY CATCH US WITH ALL THE MONEY ON US WE'VE GONE FOR!

WAIT A SECOND! I JUST SAW SOMETHING IN THERE THAT MIGHT PULL US OUT OF THE HOLE WE'RE IN!

LOOK! THERE'S SOME STRANGER SLEEPING OVER THERE!

WELL, WHAT ABOUT IT?

THE POSSE'S SURE TO SPOT HIM WHEN THEY COME THROUGH HERE, LOOKING FOR US! IF WE PUNT SOME OF THE STOLEN MONEY ON HIM, THEY'RE GOING TO THINK HE WAS ONE OF THE HOMBERS MIXED UP IN THE ROBBERY! THAT'LL GIVE US A CHANCE TO GET OUT OF HERE WITH THE BULK OF THE LOOT!

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, GILMORE! BUT JUST LET'S MAKE SURE WE DON'T MAKE HIM! HE LOOKS LIKE A NIGHTY BO HOMBRE, AND I WOULDN'T WANT TO TROUBLE WITH HIM!

AND AS THE POSSE TRAILS THE BANDITS...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE ANYWAY?

WHO ARE YUH— AND WHAT ARE YUH DOING HYER?

WHAT'D YUH GET THAT MONEY?

MONEY? WHAT MONEY? I'M FLATTER THAN A FANGERS!

THIS HERE MONEY!

(GULP!) I DON'T KNOW! I NEVER SAW THAT MONEY BEFORE!

STOP ACTING STRANGERS! SOME VANDITS JUST RODED THE LINE IN DOWN AND KILLED A GUARD! WE'RE TAKING YUH BACK TO THE SHERIFF!



IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, STRANGER, YOU'LL TELL US WHO YOUR PARTNER IS!

THIS IS ALL A MISTAKE! I HAVE NO PARTNER AND I'VE NEVER ADDED A SHOT, BUT IF YOU WANT TO TAKE ME TO THE SHERIFF, GO RIGHT AHEAD! I'VE GOT NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF!



WHAT A BREAK! WHO'S GOING TO TAKE THE WORD OF A STRANGER?

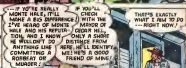
NEW! THAT SURE WAS A NARROW ESCAPE!

LATER, AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE ...



I ADMIT THINGS LOOK BAD FOR ME, SHERIFF. MEET WITH THE GUARD DINO AND SOME OF THE STOLEN BAHN MONEY ON ME, BUT YOU DON'T THINK I'D HAVE JUST BEEN SITTING AROUND IN THE WOODS WAITING FOR THE POLICE TO PICK ME UP IF I WERE REALLY GUILTY!

YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT TO THINK ABOUT BRINKS! THEIR GENIUS BRAINS DON'T WORK LIKE NORMAL HUMAN BEINGS! BUT—



—IF YOU'RE REALLY MONTE HALE, IT'LL MAKE A BIG DIFFERENCE! I'VE HEARD OF MONTE HALE AND HIS REPUTATION, AND I KNOW HE WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING LIKE COMMITTING A ROBBERY OR MURDER.

IF YOU'LL CHECK WITH THE MANOR OF OSCAR HILL, ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE FROM HERE, HE'LL IDENTIFY ME! HE'S A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE!

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I AM TO DO — RIGHT NOW!



THE NEXT MORNING...



OKAY, MONTE, I CHECKED WITH THE MANOR AND HE IDENTIFIED YOU! NOT ONLY THAT BUT HE PUT UP BAIL SO YOU CAN BE RELEASED UNTIL YOUR TRIAL COMES UP! BUT MONTE HALE OR NO MONTE HALE, YOU STILL HAVE TO DIB UP AN ALIBI FOR WHEN YOU REAP AT THE TIME OF THE ROBBERY!

THE TROUBLE IS, I WAS IN THE WOODS SLEEPING AND NO ONE SAW ME THERE EXCEPT THOSE BRINKITS WHO PLANTED THE MONEY ON ME TO FRAME ME! SINCE I CAN'T GET AN ALIBI, I DECIDE THE ONLY THING FOR ME TO DO IS TO TRY TO FLEE...



—THE GUILTY PARTIES! BUT FIRST I DECIDE I'LL HAVE TO GET MYSELF A JOB SO I CAN HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO GET WHILE I'M DOING THE INVESTIGATING!

SORRY, MONTE, BUT I'VE GOT NO JOB FOR A BRINKIT!

MAYBE YOU'RE GUILTY AND MAYBE YOU'RE NOT! WHEN YOUR TRIAL COMES UP AND IF YOU'RE CLEARED, YOU CAN COME BACK! THEN WE'LL TALK ABOUT A JOB!



I WOULDN'T FEEL SAFE WITH YOU WORKING AROUND MY SWORD, SORRY, HALE!

GIVE YOU A JOB! YOU SURE MUST BE LUCKY, DO YOU THINK I WANT TO FIND MYSELF WITH A BLED IN MY BACK?





COLONEL CORN AND JAWBONES JEFFERS

OF THE
TONSorial
TWOsome!



HMMM, I WONDER WHAT
KIND OF BARBER SHOPS
THEY HAVE OUT HERE IN
THE WEST! WELL, I NEED
A SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT
SO I'LL GIVE THIS
PLACE A TRY!



HOWDY, PARTNER! I
RECKON YOU'RE A
STRANGER AROUND
HYEAR! I NEVER DID
SEE YIN BEFORE!

THAT'S RIGHT!
I JUST GOT HERE
THIS MORNING!



WELCOME TO SOPHER
HOLE, PARTNER! MY
HANDLE IS JAWBONES
JEFFERS!

HUH? YOUR
HANDLE....WHAT
ARE YOU, A
BEDDUM?



HA, HA! I RECKON YIN
DON'T SAVVY OUR KIND
OF TALK! HANDLE MEANS
MY NAME!

OH, I SEE! WELL,
I'M GLAD TO KNOW
YOU! MY HANDLE
IS COLONEL CORN!



I'M POWERFUL GLAD TO MAKE
YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, COLONEL!
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YIN?

I THOUGHT
TO GET A
SHAVE
AND A
HAIRCUT!



MONTE HALE WESTERN



MONTE HALE WESTERN



MONTE HALE

in
**RUSTLERS'
HAVEN**

IT'S
MONTE HALE,
SPIDER! GUN HIM
DOWN--AND THEN
TRAMPLE HIM INTO
THE GROUND!

KENO!
WE'LL MAKE
BUTTARD BAIT
OUT OF HIM!

BANG!

BANG!

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Rodosa Valley was a mighty cleft in the mountains along the famed Chisholm Trail. Here two ruthless gangleaders joined forces in a deadly rustling combine. And as Bull Morgan and Spider Finn ravaged the trail-dusty herds of northbound Texas ranchers, a call for help went out. One man alone could do the job--and he was MONTE HALE, slated to invade **RUSTLERS' HAVEN!**

Our
story
begins as
a covey of
rustlers
shorns out of
the night
along the
Chisholm
Trail...

CUT OUT AS
MANY AS YOU
CAN HANDLE--
AND HEAD FOR
THE VALLEY!

EE-KPEE!
GIT MOVING,
YUH MANGY
LONG-
HORNS!

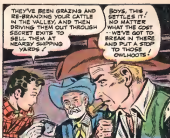
MADE IT
SAFELY!
WE'LL BATTEN
THEIR DOGGIES
UP, PUT A NEW
BRAND ON
THEM--

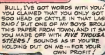
-- THEN
RUN THEM
UP NORTH AND
SELL THEM AT
THE NEAREST
MARKETS!
RIGHT, BULL?

YOU GOT IT
FIGGERED OUT,
SPIDER! THE
SHARTEST MOVE
WE EVER MADE
WAS TO JOIN OUR
TWO GANGS, AND
HOLE UP IN ROD-
DOSA VALLEY! THE
LAW CAN'T TOUCH
US HERE!











Stealthily Monte Hale
urries forward. Then,
with a mighty leap---



HERE'S THE CHEST THE
GANG KEEP THEIR LOOT
IN. IT'S TOO HEAVY TO
CARRY FAR, BUT I CAN
DRAG IT FAR ENOUGH
AWAY TO HIDE IT---



--UNDER THIS PILE OF OAK
LEAVES, I'LL COVER UP THE
TRACKS I MADE DRAGGING
IT, AND THEN SNEAK OUT
OF THE VALLEY AGAIN!
HOPE MY LUCK HOLDS
OUT!



Undetected Monte returns
to his friends!



STRADDLE YOUR BRONCS
AND SOUND UP AS MANY
OF YOUR PUNCHERS AS
YOU CAN! AS SOON AS
WE HEAR THE SOUND OF
SHOOTING IN SODOGA
VALLEY WE'RE
GOING IN!



HOW ABOUT
THOSE BIG
GATLING-
GUNS AT
THE ENTRANCE?

THAT'S
WHAT I'M
THINKING
ABOUT---
LISTEN!



GUNFIRE FROM INSIDE THE
VALLEY! THAT MEANS THAT
SPIDER AND BULL MORGAN HAVE
BEGUN TO FIGHT--- AND THE
SENTRIES WILL BE LEAVING THEIR
POSTS TO JOIN IN THE BATTLE!
HERE'S OUR CHANCE!



As the angry posse thunders
into the valley---

MONTE, YOU'RE
PLUMB RIGHT!
LOOK! THERE ARE
THE GATLING
GUNS, UNMANNED!

PERFECT! HITCH
THOSE MULES UP TO
THEM, FRONTO! AND
WE'LL TAKE THEM ALONG
WITH US! THEY SHOULD
PROVE mighty HANDY!







QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!
SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT—4 CORRECT, GOOD—
3 CORRECT, FAIR—2 CORRECT, POOR!

1 THE HELL GATE BRIDGE IS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

TRUE..... FALSE.....



2 FUNSTON IS ONE OF THE TEN LEADING IMPORTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

TRUE..... FALSE.....



3 THE AUTOGIRO HAS OVERHEAD ROTOR AS WELL AS A REGULAR PROPELLER IN FRONT AND RUDDERS.

TRUE..... FALSE.....



4 THERE ARE FIVE OCEANS IN THE WORLD.

TRUE..... FALSE.....



5 GLENN DAVIS OF THE 1944 ARMY TEAM SCORED THE MOST TOUCHDOWNS IN A COLLEGE SEASON.

TRUE..... FALSE.....



ANSWERS:

1. CUCKY 'NEMO
2. QUINCY 'NEMO 3. QUINCY 'NEMO 4. QUINCY 'NEMO
5. QUINCY 'NEMO 6. QUINCY 'NEMO 7. QUINCY 'NEMO
8. QUINCY 'NEMO 9. QUINCY 'NEMO 10. QUINCY 'NEMO



MONTE HALE

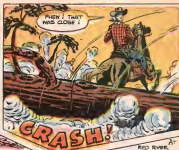
IN THE PLOT ON RATTLERS' TRAIL!

THIS TREE WILL DO THE TRICK OF BLOCKING THE ROAD WHEN THE POSTMAN RIDES BY HE'LL HAVE TO STOP TO MOVE IT OUT OF THE WAY, AND THEN I'LL BEING INTO ACTION!

LONG RATTLERS' TRAIL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF RED RIVER VALLEY...

GULP!...I DIDN'T HEAR THAT RIDER COMING THIS WAY! AND IF THE TREE SHOULD MISS HIM, HE'LL FIND OUT IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT! I'VE GOT TO VANISH!

GREAT GUNS! THAT TREE! IT'S TOO LATE TO MOVE BACK!



HOOBY, HOOBS! JUST OVER-HEARD WHAT YOU SAID! IF YOU'RE FIGURING ON RIDING OUT TO RATTLESNAIL TAIL IN YOUR BACKBOARD, YOU'D BETTER BE PREPARED TO REMOVE A BIG TREE THAT'S BLOCKING THE ROAD. NOW---IS THERE A PACKAGE HERE FOR ME?



I'M AFRAID NOT, MONTE! THAT'S PROBABLY COMING ALONG IN THE NEXT MAIL, TOO!

I'LL BE BACK LATER, THEN!



WHEN THE MAIL ARRIVES---

HERE'S THE PACKAGE OF MONEY JES HOOKER'S EXPECTING! SINCE I'M GOING OUT TO THE CIRCLE INN, I RECKON I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE ALONG WHATEVER OTHER MAIL THERE IS FOR THE FOLKS WHO LIVE IN THAT SECTION! I'LL SAVE THEM A TRIP TO TOWN!



SHORTLY LATER---

THAT'S THE TREE MONTE WAS TELLING ME ABOUT! I'LL JUST HAVE TO TRY TO MOVE IT WITH THAT CROWBAR I BROUGHT ALONG!



AS THE POST OFFICE CLERK STARTS TO WORK ON MOVING THE TREE---



LATER---

HOOBS MUST HAVE GONE TO DELIVER THAT PACKAGE OF MONEY, BUT HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK LONG AGO! I'VE BEEN WAITING HERE FOR OVER AN HOUR! HOOBS IS BETTER RIDE OUT AND HAVE A LOOK! HE MIGHT BE HAVING TROUBLE WITH THAT FALLEN TREE!

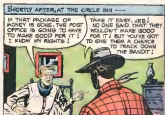
WILL BE BACK IN FIFTEEN MINUTES

WHEN MONTE ARRIVES ON THE SCENE---

HOOBS! WHAT HAPPENED?

HELP! HELP!









(Continued from inside front cover)

a hurried ride back to the Double J bunkhouse to get some sheets.

When it was fully dark, Slim led the others stealthily up to the rear of the old hotel. The men were wearing the sheets as ghostly robes. They were within three feet of the back door as Slim whispered, "Now when we get up close enough, we'll all let out some hideous howls. Not loud, but mournful like—like a spirit that's in great sorrow."

The men howled all right, but not like that. For as they took another step forward, a flickering blue light appeared in the window. And a distressing cry came from within the house. And a dragging chain clanked across one of the upstairs floors. And Slim and Baldy and the rest of the "ghost committee" from the Double J took off so fast they outran several jack rabbits.

Inside the hotel, Red Top had dusted off a section of the old mahogany bar and laid out his bedroll there. Then he snuffed out the candle and was just beginning to doze when he heard the weird, distressing cry. He opened his eyes but did not move. He saw the flickering, bluish light moving in front of the window. He heard the chain clanking across the floor above.

He could see a moving, shadowy figure, but couldn't make out whether or not it was a man. A voice echoed hollowly from somewhere in the darkness. It was muffled, but he could make out the words:

"I am the dead spirit of Jonas James, risen from the grave to walk in silence through the black of night. I cannot rest until I get my revenge . . . revenge . . . revenge . . ."

With the last words, three shots were fired in rapid succession.

"Yiiii! It is a ghost!" yelled Red Top Ray. He sprang to the floor and raced out the front door, leaving his candle and bedroll behind. Without looking back, he ran to where he

had left his horse and made a flying leap for the saddle. He soon overtook the running Double J cowboys and kept on pounding leather, heading for town.

"Lookit him go!" exclaimed Baldy. "He claimed to be so all-fired brave about ghosts and yet he's lighting out of here faster than any of us!"

"Can't say I blame him," said Slim. "After all, he was right inside with them haunts. No telling what he saw!"

It was a couple of hours later when Red Top Ray showed up at the bunkhouse. None of the men were sleeping. They were still chattering about the ghosts. Grinning, Ray said, "Well, I thought you boys might like a report on your spooks before I go back to the hotel."

"Go back? You mean you dare to go back after they scared you out of your wits?"

"They didn't scare me. I only pretended to be scared," said Red Top. "That was so I could make my getaway and go after the sheriff."

"The sheriff? You mean you sent the sheriff on a ghost chase?"

“SHERIFF was mighty glad to get them. You see, that hotel was the hide-out of Deadly Diggs and his outfit. I didn't know how many of them were there because I couldn't see anybody, so that's why I got the sheriff and his deputies to surround the place. They were playing ghost to keep folks from snooping around their headquarters."

"But if you couldn't see him, how'd you know it was Diggs?" asked Slim.

"That was easy. You remember I was riding the stage that time when Diggs shot the driver and guard. I heard his gun then. And I recognized it when he fired some shots to scare me tonight!"

THE END

THE MAGAZINE THAT HAS...

Everything from Ah-h! to Zowie!

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